

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

No. 12.

JUNE 15, 1899.

Vol. XXXIV.

HOLINESS
TO THE
LORD

• DESIGNED
FOR THE
ADVANCEMENT
OF THE
YOUNG •

GEORGE Q.
CANNON
EDITOR •

SALT LAKE
CITY
UTAH •

PUBLISHED
SEMI-MONTHLY



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Books and Authors

THE 25 BEST NOVELS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.



ONE of our competitions, which closed on January 15th, was designed to furnish an answer to the question "What are the twenty-five best novels in the English language?" Readers were invited to send in lists: and several hundred were received in answer to the request. Each list was treated as a ballot paper; and the best twenty-five novels was determined by the votes thus registered. In all, the large number of 352 novels were voted upon, but the following twenty-five secured the largest number of votes.—*Family Herald and Montreal Star.*

1. Uncle Tom's Cabin.....	Stowe	14. East Lynne.....	Wood
2. David Copperfield.....	Dickens	15. The Mill on the Floss.....	Eliot
3. Ivanhoe.....	Scott	16. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.....	Ian Maclaren
4. Vanity Fair.....	Thackeray	17. Kenilworth.....	Scott
5. Lorna Doone.....	Blackmore	18. Waverley.....	Scott
6. Jane Eyre.....	Bronte	19. Pickwick Papers.....	Dickens
7. Ben Hur.....	Wallace	20. Henry Eamond.....	Thackeray
8. Adam Bede.....	Elliot	21. Westward Ho.....	Kingsley
9. John Halifax, Gentleman.....	Mulock	22. The Old Curiosity Shop.....	Dickens
10. Scarlet Letter.....	Hawthorne	23. Oliver Twist.....	Dickens
11. Robinson Crusoe.....	Defoe	24. Tom Brown's School Days.....	Hughes
12. Last Days of Pompeii.....	Lytton	25. Heart of Midlothian.....	Scott
13. Vicar of Wakefield.....	Goldsmith		

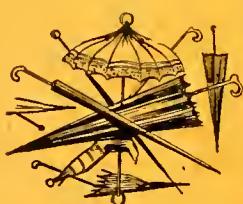
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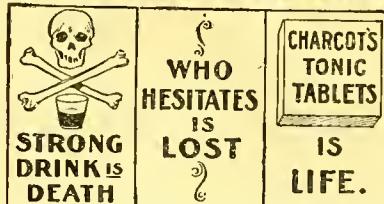
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CURRENT TIME TABE.

IN EFFECT JUNE 1, 1899.

LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:30 a. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East.....	8:05 p. m.
No. 6—For Bingham, Mt. Pleasant, Manti, Belknap, Richfield and all intermediate points.....	8:00 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points.....	5:00 p. m.
No. 2—For Ogden and the West	9:05 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West	9:45 p. m.
No. 42—For Park City.....	8:25 a. m.
No. 9—For Ogden, intermediate and West.....	12:30 p. m.

ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 1—From Bingham, Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:30 p. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the East.....	8:55 p. m.
No. 5—From Provo, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Richfield, Manti and intermediate points.....	5:35 p. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West	8:20 a. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Provo and all intermediate points	10:00 a. m.
No. 41.—Arrives from Park City and intermediate points at	6:45 p. m.
No. 10—From Ogden and intermediate points	3:10 p. m.

Only line running through Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars from Salt Lake City to San Francisco, Salt Lake City to Denver via Grand Junction, and Salt Lake City to Kansas City and Chicago via Colorado points.

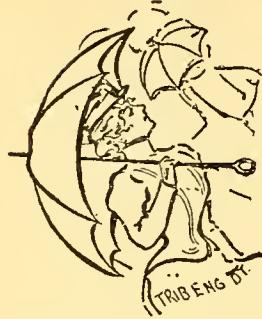
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 15, 1899.

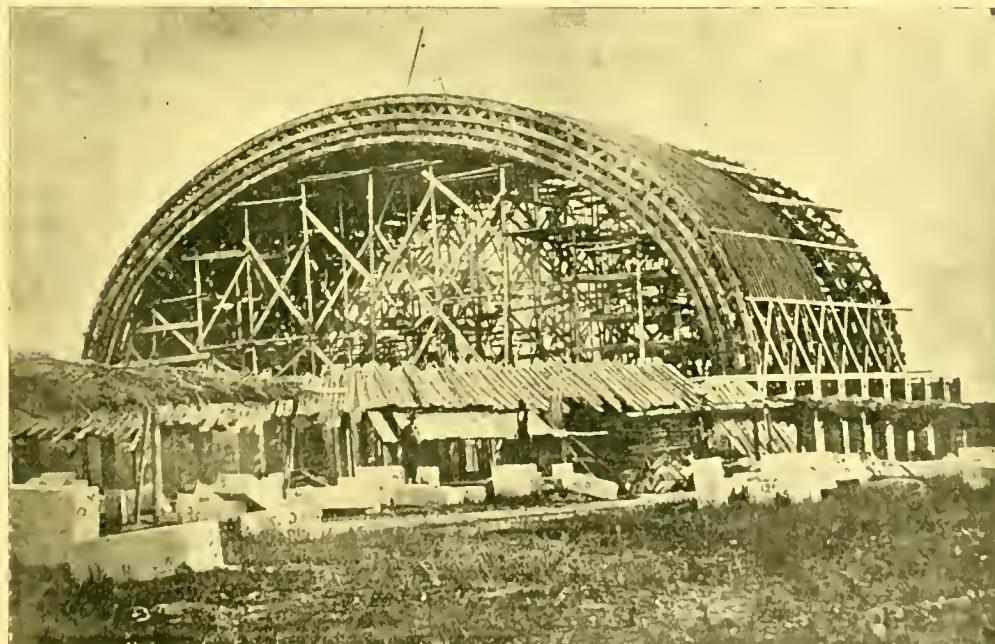
No. 12.

A GREAT DOME.

Most of our adult and many of our younger readers are familiar with the appearance of the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Those of them who have not

sands from abroad who visit the capital city of Utah every year.

It is now over thirty years since this immense hall was constructed, and only those who saw it while in course of erection would be familiar with what is here



THE TABERNACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

visited it have no doubt seen pictures and read descriptions of it. The Tabernacle is an object of admiration not only to the people of Utah but to the thou-

shown in the picture—a sectional view of the arched roof before completion. At the time of building it was believed that the roof of the Tabernacle was with

one exception the largest self-supporting arch in America, and the greatest one in the world constructed wholly of wood. This cannot be said of it to-day, for there are arches of much longer span in more recent architectural works. These however are generally made of iron. The great cantilever bridge across the Forth river, near Edinburgh, Scotland, is formed of iron arches each spanning a distance of 1700 feet—nearly one-third of a mile.

The reason for constructing the framework of the Tabernacle roof with wood is obvious when it is remembered that at the time it was built there were no railroads here, and what iron was used then had to be hauled with teams from the Missouri river, a distance of a thousand miles.

As may be seen by examining the picture, the arched roof of the Tabernacle is composed of a series of lattice trusses or girders. These are of wood, and the cross pieces of the lattice work are fastened together with wooden pins. The ends of each truss rest upon sandstone pillars, three feet wide, nine in length and from fourteen to twenty feet high. There are forty-four of these pillars surrounding the building. The span of the arched roof from side to side is one hundred and fifty feet, and from end to end two hundred and fifty feet. The distance from the floor to the ceiling in the highest part is seventy feet. The width of the truss work is ten feet, making the height of the outer part of the roof eighty feet. By noticing the exposed part of the trusses on the right hand side of the roof it will be observed that the arches are all braced together with cross pieces of wood, thus making a very firm and compact framework, easily capable of supporting its own weight and that of the iron sheet-

ing which covers the outside. The ceiling of the building is composed of lath and plaster.

The engraving on the previous page is from an old photograph taken at the time the roof was being built, which was between the years 1865 and 1867.

ROSA BONHEUR.

HIGH on the list of distinguished women of our century stands the name of Rosa Bonheur, the famous animal painter, who passed away in her 78th year, on May 25th last.

The life of this truly great artist offers a striking example of brilliant success achieved through hard and persevering efforts under conditions that would have deterred many a woman of less sturdy spirit and sustained singleness of purpose.

Rosa Bonheur was born in Bordeaux, March 16, 1822. She was the eldest of four children. Her father was a teacher of drawing. Her mother died when Rosa was only seven years old. Then the poor drawing master went to Paris with his children and eked out with difficulty a precarious livelihood. There were many schools where he gave lessons in drawing, and he had many private pupils whom he taught at their homes. An old woman was hired to take care of the children and be cook, housekeeper and girl-of-all-work. Rosa was left entirely to herself. She profited by her liberty to go daily to the Bois de Boulogne, where she gathered wild flowers, in what was then a rough suburban wood, where people went hunting. Her father did not wish Rosa to go there, fearing that she might fall into the hands of tramps. So he asked a schoolmistress to receive Rosa as a free

pupil. Instead of paying for her, M. Bonheur was to give as many drawing lessons as might be wanted of him. The school was on the Chaillot side of the Champs Elysees and near the Arch of Triumph, was highly genteel, and filled with young ladies of great middle-class expectations. The drawing professor's child horrified them. Her hair was neglected. She was dressed in coarse and incongruous clothing; her face was tanned like a gypsy's. It was evident that no careful mama or governess had ever made her wear a poke bonnet. The hands and arms were red and scratched, and, in short, the idea among the young misses was that Rosa was common and unclean. The motherless little girl was ignorant not only of grammar, but of writing and arithmetic. She had learned the alphabet to read on wet days some odd volumes of Buffon's Natural History, which had been given to her father by an insolvent pupil. Her genteel class-fellows thought it a shame for the mistress to introduce such a young Bohemian among them. They combined to snub and torment her. She disliked them, but did not dare to express her feelings in words. The pencil afforded her a weapon for executing vengeance. Rosa joined the drawing-class to be able to see her father often, and made rapid progress. She caricatured the girls who were most aggressive in persecuting her. The schoolmistress took their part. At some grand school solemnity, a portrait of her—not flattened—and done on copybook paper, was found on every desk. General laughter led to inquiry. Rosa was expelled when it was discovered that it was she who had provoked the hilarity.

Her school experiences made her the quiet but irreconcilable enemy of Philis-

tinism. In the chronicles of the fashionable world, the name of Rosa Bonheur has never appeared. She went her way in silence and kept aloof from frivolous lion-hunters. She had much honest pride, no vanity, and never had a taste for those triumphs which ladies most desire. In all her life she never solicited the patronage of a great man or asked a journalist for a puff.

When Rosa Bonheur returned home from school, she repented of her past naughtiness. The old woman died, and Raymond Bonheur could not afford to hire another servant. His eldest daughter Rosa took pity on him and put her shoulder to the wheel. She replaced the dead mother. Brothers and sisters fell in. Their state developed the affections and the will of Rosa, who had naturally a deal of character. A sense of responsibility grew up, and brought precocious wisdom to her. She became the preceptress of the youthful band. But her acquirements were very limited. The only thing that she could do well was to use her pencil. A family drawing class was formed. Rosa was the teacher. In the evening her father looked over her sketches and those of his younger children. She also had a turn for modelling. The discovery of a stratum of pipe-clay in the ditch near Chaillot enabled her to find material at no cost. One of her brothers grew up to be a sculptor; another an animal and landscape painter. The second sister directed the School of Design in the Rue Dupuytrin. Rosa always, from a feeling of generosity, abstained from exhibiting at the Champs Elysees after her brother Isidore began to send there sheep painted in the highlands of Auvergne.

Rosa Bonheur was nineteen years old when she exhibited her first pictures at the Salon. They were both small, one

representing two rabbits and the other goats and sheep. Neither caused much remark, but the following year the artist traveled in Auvergne, and worked very hard on studies for her "Red Oxen of the Cantal." This picture brought Rosa Bonheur her first award, a gold medal of the third class. But her first great success was made in 1844, when she exhibited "Plowing in the Nivernais," now in the Luxembourg. It was a marvelous work for a girl of twenty-two. She made the studies for it at the same time as those for the "Oxen," when she trudged alone through the Cantal.

After her first success Rosa Bonheur's life had been comparatively uneventful, unless the succession of triumphs by which she became recognized as the greatest woman painter of modern times be regarded as eventful.

The latter years of the artist's life were saddened by successive bereavements, which finally left her quite alone in the world.

The Empress Eugenie decorated Rosa Bonheur with the Legion of Honor on June 10, 1865. In January, 1870, the artist received the order of Leopold of Belgium.

SEA-FARMING.

THERE are land-farmers and sea-farmers, and each of these classes composes a large percentage of the world's producers. Unlike the land-farmer, the sea-farmer reaps and gathers crops where he does not sow nor cultivate; and while one confines his labors to a small patch of earth, the other extends his over the boundless ocean. The sea-farmer, though he does not have to plant before reaping, is much less fortunate than his brother on the land. He has to face perils that

are unknown to those who live on the soil; and every time he goes forth to his daily avocation he takes his life in his hands, not knowing what fate may overtake him before he again reaches the shore.

It is difficult for people born and reared in these inland valleys to get an idea of the extensiveness of the fishing industry as carried on along the coasts of nearly all countries the world over. With most of us fish is an expensive luxury only to be enjoyed occasionally, but with many peoples both civilized and uncivilized it forms a staple article of diet. It is their staff of life. It is eaten in various styles of preparation: sometimes fresh and raw, or pickled, dried, boiled, broiled, fried or baked. Some people not only live principally on a fish diet themselves, but even feed their cattle with the same kind of food.

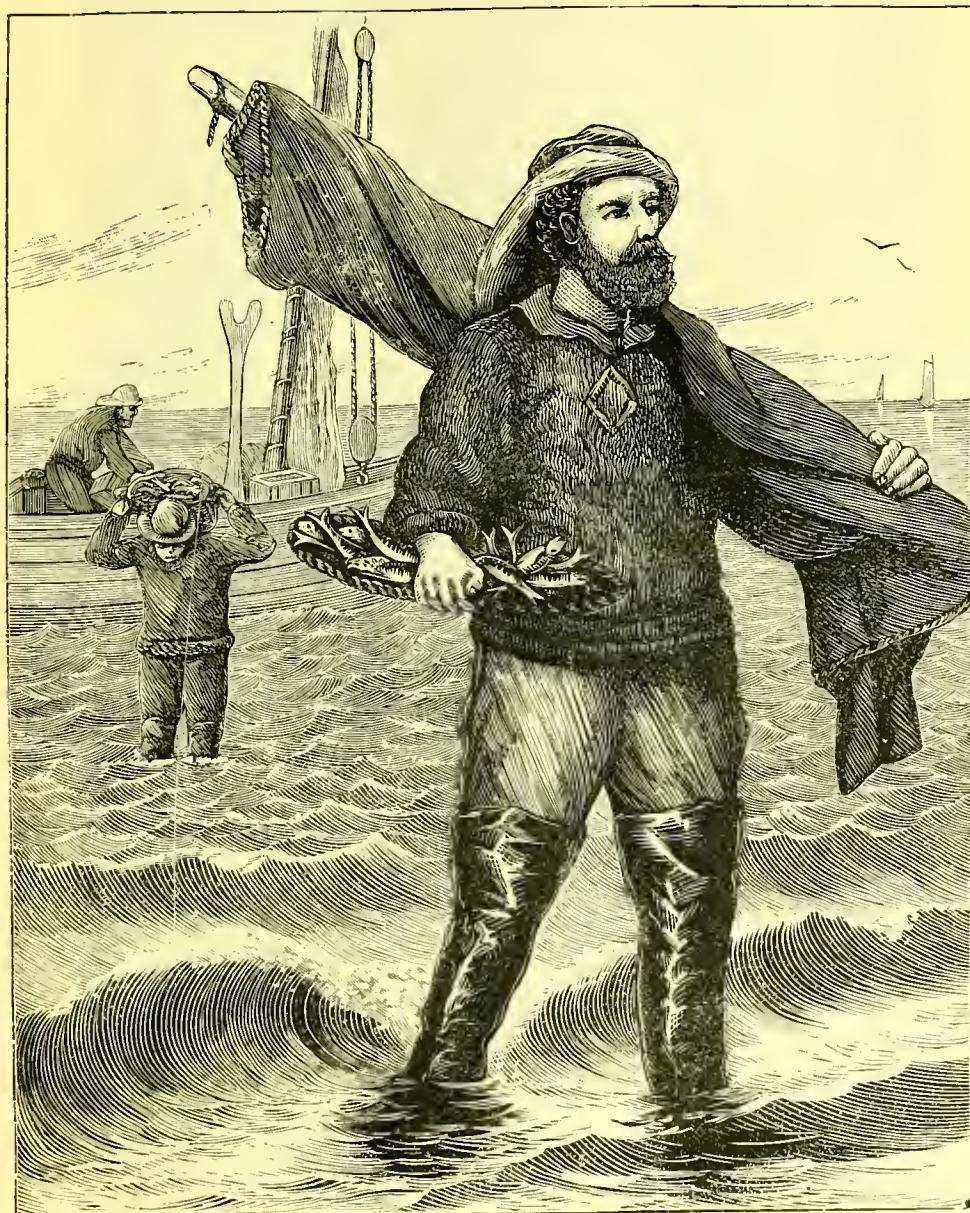
Those of our readers who have crossed the Atlantic or have been out to sea anywhere will have noticed, sometimes hundreds of miles from land, groups of little fishing smacks tossing about on the waves. In these small vessels their occupants remain for days at a time; exposed to all kinds of weather and without any covering, seeking to earn a scant livelihood.

Many sea-coast towns in all parts of the world are maintained entirely by the fishing industry. Especially is this the case in northern latitudes, where on account of the severe climate, vegetable products are limited. The chief industry of Norway is that of fishing. Its sea-waters abound with cod and herring and its streams with trout and salmon. Whale fishing is also engaged in by the Norwegians, and they export great quantities of oil as well as cured fish. The peoples of Greenland, Iceland, the Faroe, the Orkney and other islands of the

northern Atlantic derive their living almost entirely from fishing. The banks of Newfoundland are celebrated for the cod-fish there abounding, and the island of Newfoundland is chiefly supported by its fisheries. England also has many

fishing grounds. Yarmouth, on the eastern coast, is noted for its herrings or "bloaters."

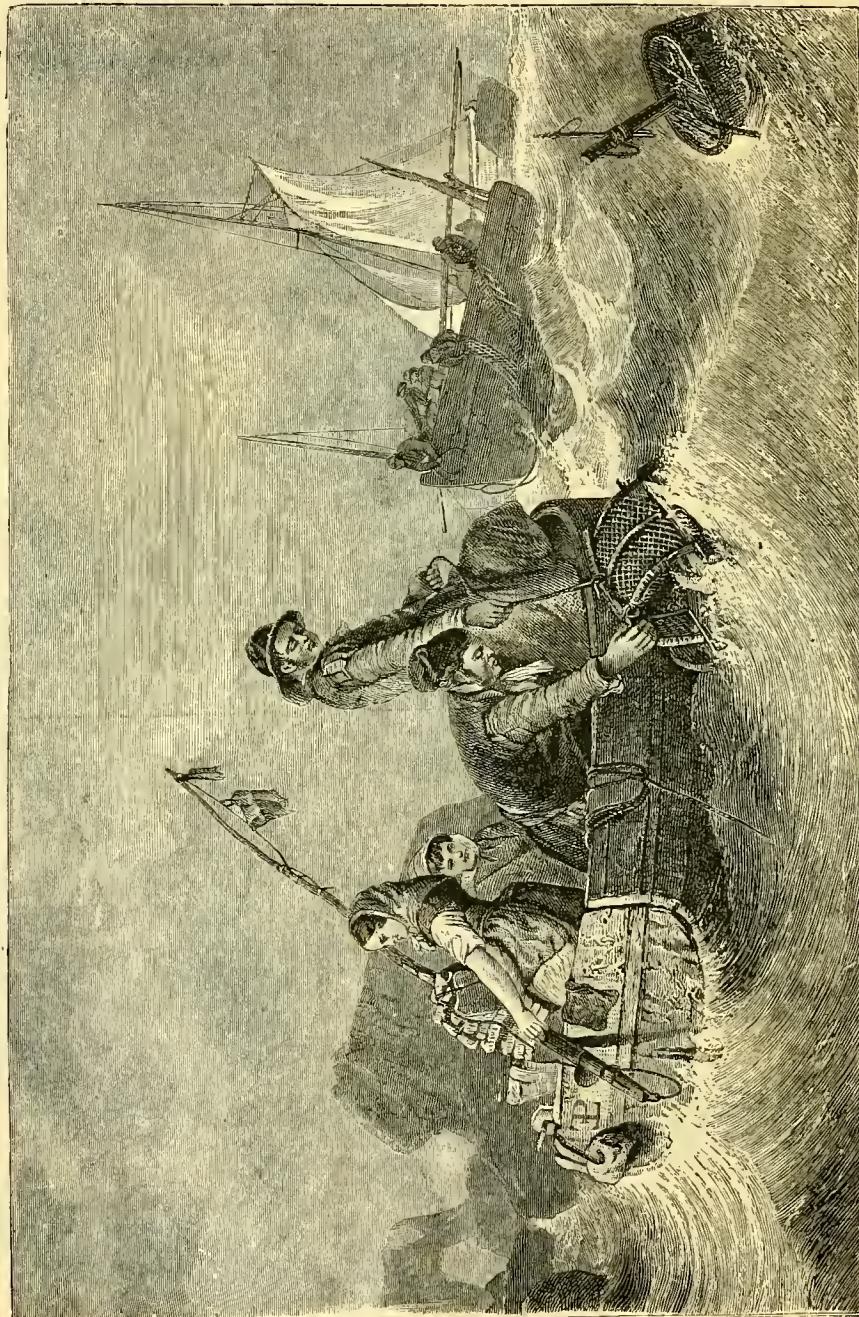
In our own country we have extensive cod and mackerel fisheries on the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts, and oyster



THE RETURNING FISHERMAN.

fisheries in Maryland. Then there are the seal fisheries of Alaska and other places.

Besides all these the lakes and streams of different countries yield their supply of food for man. Indeed it is difficult

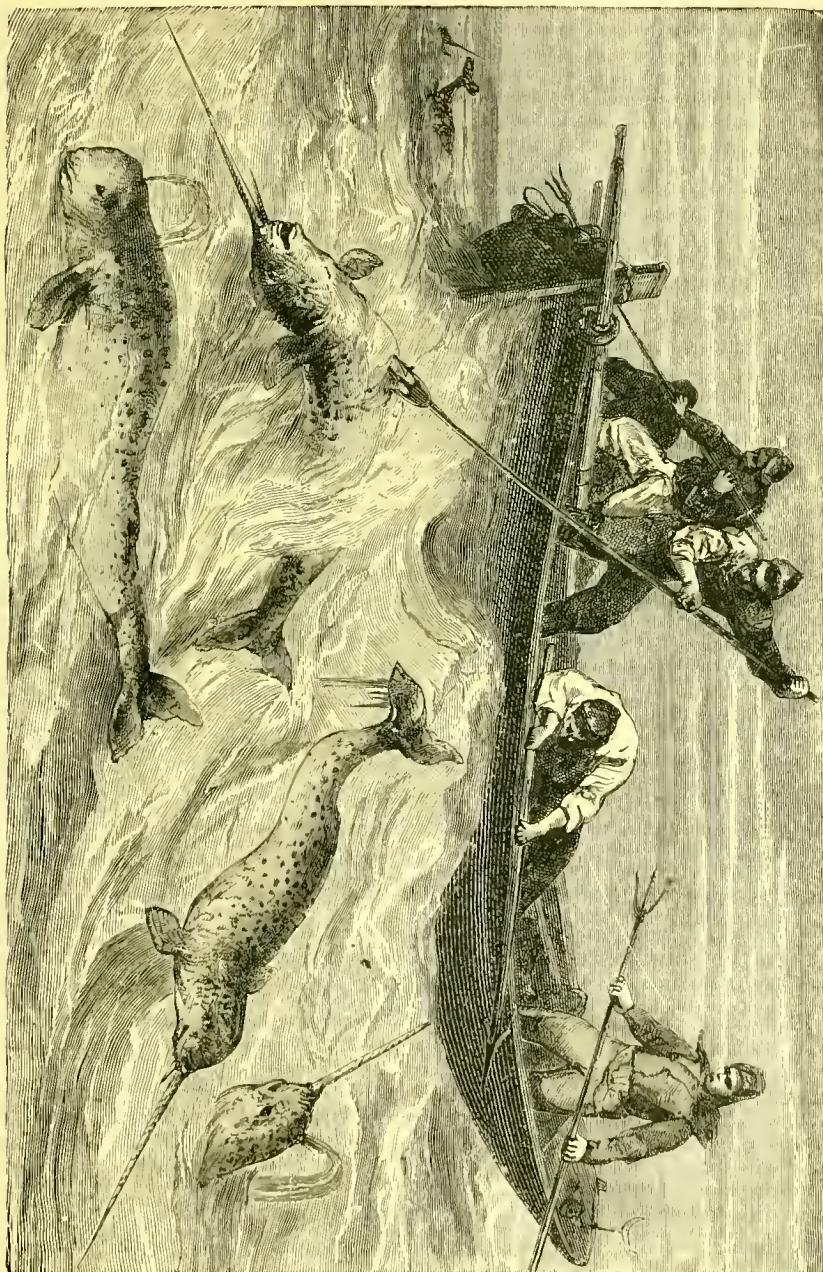


NORWEGIAN FISHERS.

to say whether the land or the water contributes the greater amount to the wants of man. Food, clothing and fuel, the three principal requirements of the human family, are obtained in great

quantities from the sea as well as from the soil.

The fish industry not only employs the men and boys who go out to do the catching, but it furnishes work for women



ICELANDERS CATCHING NARWHALS.

and children, who in many places are engaged in the cleaning and curing of the finny creatures.

THE BROWN BOYS' FARM.

CHAPTER VII.

The Trapper's Story.

MR. EVANS, with his usual generosity, insisted upon going over to the Knowles ranch for the remainder of the winter to look after things, so that Mr. and Mrs. Knowles could remain with the boys. They finally, after long discussions, accepted the kind offer, and he started out as soon as he was sure the boys were all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Knowles joined the boys in urging the Trapper to make his home with them, for the present at least. He had stayed several days, until the boys had entirely recovered from the effects of their severe journey, and had found his new friends so pleasant and hospitable that he gave his consent quite readily.

The boys had learned to restrain their curiosity concerning the stranger, and Mr. and Mrs. Knowles were too well-bred and kind-hearted to ask questions; nevertheless they were all nearly bursting with curiosity.

Evans evidently knew something about him, although they both acted as if they had never seen each other before. But Knowles had come upon them talking earnestly together in the barn, and his wife had noticed them exchange knowing glances. This excited their interest more than ever, and it must be confessed, into their minds crept suspicious thoughts after Evans had gone. "There is certainly some understanding between those two, and it is evil or they wouldn't act

so queer," said Mrs. Knowles to her husband a few nights after Evans had left.

Her husband reassured her, saying that they could not do much harm, no matter what their desires might be. "And I'm sure they are good-hearted, honest fellows," he added. "If they have a past which they wish to forget, it is none of our affair, my dear. It is enough to know them as they are, not as they have been."

Nevertheless he felt himself that there was some mystery which he wouldn't mind knowing. Men have quite as large a bump of curiosity as women, although they often manage to keep it hidden.

One night the Trapper did not come in until late. The evening meal was almost finished. He was conscious that he had been the subject of conversation, for as he came in the room there was a sudden silence. He had felt all along their desire to know something of him and his history, though it had in no way interfered with their kind treatment; and he had sometimes thought that it was no more than right that he should tell them, the only friends he had on earth, a part at least of his past life. But the thought of telling them his secret pained him. It was like probing a wound which had almost healed.

On this evening he had reasoned the question for a long time and had finally decided to keep his own counsel. "It is really none of their business, anyway," he thought. "Up to the time I met them, my life was not connected with theirs, and so they have no claim upon my confidence. What I am from now on, so long as we are together, does concern them, and I shall try to be worthy of their friendship. If they cannot take me as I am they can throw me off. The Knowles' haven't told me all

their past history. I don't know why I should tell mine."

But when he went in to supper and felt the true, friendly, generous spirit of the people with whom he was thrown, his mind suddenly changed, and pushing back the plate which Mrs. Knowles had filled for him, he said:

"I want to tell you folks something of my life. I know you are curious, although you have been too generous to quiz me. I had made up my mind not to tell you, but it is right 'you should know."

"No, I must tell you before I eat," he said, in answer to Mrs. Knowles' entreaty for him to have his supper first.

"I will speak only briefly of my childhood. I was born and raised far away from here. My parents were good people—one of the best families in the country, and I was educated for the ministry. But I was a gay young fellow and it was hard for me to settle down. I wanted to see something of the world and not spend my life in a pulpit. So one day, just before I should have completed my course, I slipped off and came out west seeking for adventure. For some time I enjoyed the novelty of knocking around, except at night, when the sight of my mother's tear-stained face would come up before me and haunt me till I couldn't sleep. I knew she would die of grief, and I was a fiend not to go back; but I was already in such a state that a few companions, with their coarse jokes and a bottle of whiskey, would make me forget heaven and earth. It did not take me long to get to going at a pretty rapid rate down the well beaten track of sin. I soon forgot that I had a mother—or at least I never thought of her—and it was a great relief. While I remembered her my conscience made me very uncomfortable.

"I soon found that it required money to live the rapid life I was leading, and gladly joined a gang of thieves or 'regular high-toned robbers,' as we were pleased to call ourselves. We lived together in a den, the most horrible place you can imagine, in the worst part of a big, wicked city. During the day we laid low, except sometimes when we 'spruced up' and went out to 'bunco' green-horns. Lots of country folks came to town and if we got hold of them then we had a gay time, I tell you. They usually had considerable money in their wallets, and we usually managed that it should change hands. One day I remember I got out on the scent of an old farmer who had all he owned I suppose in an old wallet in his inside pocket. I had watched him some time, he was so innocent that I waited with the enjoyment a cat must feel when she watches a mouse which she knows is in her power. I had the air of a minister rather than of a confidence man, and it was not hard for me to get in with the old fellow. I took him to supper and inquired about his family until he thought I was a saint. He said he was 'scairt' to sleep in a hotel for fear of robbers and so I invited him to spend the night with me, giving him the idea that I was pastor in some church and that my wife would be happy to entertain him for the sake of her father of whom he reminded me. Just as I was about to take him off in a hack, a young fellow stepped up to me and touched my arm. I looked around.

"'Leave him alone,' he said quietly, 'or I'll call the police.'

"'Oh, you will, will you?' I answered. 'Well, you'd better get away from here yourself, young man, or you'll get into trouble.'

"'I mean what I say,' the young fel-

low persisted; 'leave him alone and get off, or I'll do what I said.'

"I saw he was in earnest and as there was an officer within hailing distance, I hurried away.

"That boy was your friend, John Evans. I saw him frequently after that and we always remembered each other. I recognized him immediately when I came here, and he remembered me when I reminded him of our former acquaintance. He's an honest fellow. I've changed a good deal since those days and he did not know me at first.

"One night, some time after this, I started out by myself to see what I could find. I had failed several times to bring in my share, and there was a good deal of grumbling in the gang. I resolved to quit them and start up a business of my own. I left without saying goodby, and I have never seen any of them since. As I walked along, planning some work for the night, a man stepped along side of me—and I recognized my father. The sight of him at that moment when my mind was full of evil, was such a shock to me that I staggered and almost fell. It was like a glimpse of heaven down in hades. As I stumbled he turned and said, 'are you ill, sir? Can I be of any assistance?'

"I didn't look like a thief: my father thought I was a gentleman. We were under a street lamp, and as he spoke he looked into my face and recognized me.

"'My son, oh, my son!' he said; and if I had not caught him he would have fallen. I carried him to a cab and took him to a hotel, and stayed with him till he died."

The Trapper stopped and his eager listeners looked the sympathy they could not express.

"He had heart-trouble," he continued,

and the shock killed him. But I have always thanked God that he lived long enough to talk to me and that he died happy. He told me how my mother had died of a broken heart, and how he had lived along with the belief that he would see me before he died, and that now he was ready to go. I told him, without paining him too much, for I knew he was dying, that I had not lived as he had wished me to; but I promised on my knees that I would repent and with God's help would sin no more. I have been blessed since that very moment with new strength and courage.

"After my father died I felt as if I never could endure the society of human beings. He had left considerable property to my cousin in case I should never be found. I never claimed it. What money he had with him over the cost of funeral expenses I kept. I had services at the hotel, then I sent his body home to be laid beside my mother. I telegraphed my cousin as a stranger, so no one knows I am alive.

"I left that place immediately, and, after some wandering, found my way up here where I have been ever since. I have gone sometimes for ammunition and provisions to the town in the other valley. Those are the only times I have ever been among men till these boys came down on me. I have kept away from my fellows, partly because I was afraid of myself. For the first years of my life up here I had occasionally such a craving for liquor that had I been where I could have obtained it I would have fallen a victim again.

"Now, you know my story,—everything about me but my name. That I shall never reveal. Shall we still be friends? Can I remain to you as your friend the Trapper, or am I to be banished as a thief and an outlaw?"

He read the answer in the faces of his listeners even before they crowded around him to express their sympathy and good will.

R. C. I.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

MEN CRY "PEACE," BUT THERE IS NOT YET
PEACE.

"PEACE meetings," and "Peace congresses" have formed a considerable part of the day's news during the past few weeks. Such meetings were held in this city and in different parts of Utah in the early part of May, when the "peace fever," so-called, was at its height. Nor was the movement limited to this country --it was general throughout the civilized world. The great event, however, was the conference which assembled at The Hague, Holland, on the 18th of May. The project for the conference originated with the Czar of Russia, and it was not improper, therefore, that one of his officers should preside over it. The honor fell to the Russian ambassador to England. The six great powers and eight smaller states of Europe were represented, which would seem to indicate that that part of the world was all united in its desire for peace. Besides these, there were delegates from China, Japan, Persia and Siam, in Asia. Owing to recent events, the delegates from the United States were probably regarded with the greatest interest--our country was hardly out of the throes of a wonderfully victorious war. Besides, the New World was not represented by any one else, which is rather strange inasmuch as some of the little republics of South America have given most excel-

lent examples of the settlement of disputes by arbitration instead of by an appeal to arms.

The movement is one which ought to find favor wherever Christianity and civilization have established their sway. For two great nations to settle their quarrels by fighting is no better than for two individuals to do so. Indeed, it is much worse, since there are thousands and perhaps hundreds of thousands of victims in the former case, instead of only one or two. A great many wars are unnecessary; all would be, if the nations and their rulers could be brought to submit their grievances to arbitration. A man or boy who has the instincts and reputation of a bully is always disliked, and generally combined against if it is found too much for any one person to humble him. Why should it not be the same with nations? If it were known that any government which was always seeking for a fight upon any pretext whatever, was certain to be pounced upon by all its neighbors and soundly whipped, perhaps a feeling of fear of the consequences might exert a restraining influence. Another suggestion is that rulers of rival nations, instead of plunging their respective countries in war, be compelled to fight out their quarrel in personal and mortal combat--that this be a substitute for the plan of sending out their armies and navies to destroy each other while the rulers themselves remain safely at home or at a comfortable distance in the rear.

It is a common remark among statesmen that the surest way to avoid war is to be always thoroughly prepared for it, and that the nation which is best armed and equipped will not be likely to have a chance to show its power. It is also suggested now that modern weapons of war have become so deadly that the

nations will be afraid to come to an armed clash—the destruction of life and property would be so enormous that no ruler could dare to precipitate a conflict. Meantime, however, there are wars, and constant preparations for war. The era of universal peace is undoubtedly approaching, but there may well be doubt as to whether it has yet arrived. In the case of nations, as of individuals, a good drubbing is sometimes necessary in order to teach the offender where he belongs and how to behave himself. Such is frequently a just cause, and in the hands of Deity a war may thus be a scourge and a penalty and a means of accomplishing His designs. Again, we are told that the wicked are to slay the wicked. Altogether, there seems reason to fear that the beating of the sword and the spear into the plowshare and the pruning-hook is not yet at hand, though every humane and enlightened person will hope for its speedy coming, and will aid by vote and influence in hastening the day of universal peace.

The Editor.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
DEPARTMENT.

Secretaries' Duties.

"THE Secretary should keep a Teachers' Roll; and at each school session take minutes, and the following Sunday read them in a clear, audible voice, for the acceptance of the school by vote, which should be done by raising the right hand. These minutes should be recorded in a suitable book, called the 'Sunday School Record of —— Ward.' He should also be prepared, when required, to promptly make out a correct statistical report, which, after being examined and approved by the Superintendent, should be sent to the Stake or Mission Super-

intendent, and a copy kept on file. The Secretary and his or her assistant should be good penmen, if possible, and take pleasure in keeping the record and reports neat, clean and ready for reference."

The above paragraph, contained in the Latter-day Saints' Sunday School Treatise, should be closely followed by Secretaries of Sunday Schools. Every point should be faithfully observed. Especially should the Secretary be particular, in reading the minutes and calling the roll, to speak "in a clear, audible voice," so that the whole school may hear and understand. How often do we visit schools where the Secretaries rise and either call the roll in a rapid, indistinct manner, or mumble their words so that but few can hear them! Nothing is more injurious to a Sunday School than the calling of the roll and reading of the minutes in this manner. Every pupil should be made to know that when anything is spoken from the stand it is intended for *all*. The reading of the minutes is not intended only for the Superintendence on the stand and the teachers, but for every child in the room, and every one should be made to hear. Too much attention cannot be given to this point. When the Secretary stands erect, calls the roll in a clear, audible manner, and in the same way reads the minutes of the previous meeting, every eye is centered on him, every ear is listening, and the attention of every pupil is secured. To get this attention is half the battle in Sunday School work. Superintendents should see to it that Secretaries properly perform their duties, not only in the clerical work, but in the work of public reading referred to. Insist on it being done properly or change the officer. Of course, whatever is done should be done in kindness and charity, but get

the desired results. If a manufacturer has an employe who is doing his work in a slovenly and unsatisfactory manner what should he do? Should he, for the sake of sentiment, allow the employe to continue doing his work to the detriment of the business and the injury of his reputation? We hardly think so. In such a case the manufacturer would certainly either teach the employe better or make a change. The same rule ought to apply in a Sunday School, except that greater love and charity should be exercised.

Another thing: minutes should be recorded as soon as they are accepted. Nothing so endangers the record of a Sunday School as procrastination in entering the minutes in the record. Only get a few Sundays behind and the work after that seems endless; but by devoting a little time each Sunday, the minutes will be recorded and the record made complete as you go along. Then, at the end of the year, when the statistical reports are called for, the labor of preparing the same is very light. The records and roll-book should be written up so that any person can read them, and they should be kept neat and clean and "ready for reference."

The members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board have just finished visiting the Sunday Schools of Weber Stake. These schools have been found in a very excellent condition. The new Superintendency is composed of Elders Thomas B. Evans, Henry Peterson and Charles J. Ross.

A STILL EARLIER SUNDAY SCHOOL.

IN the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR of May 1st, 1899, I find an article entitled "The First Sunday School in the British Mis-

sion;" the said Sunday Sahool being commenced "about the year 1854."

At a meeting of the local Priesthood of the Radcliff branch of the Manchester conference, I suggested to the brethren the propriety of commencing a Sunday School where the children of the Saints could be brought together on the Sabbath morning. The brethren approved the suggestion and the organizing of the Sunday School was placed on me. The school was organized in the early spring of 1853, was continued up to the time I emigrated in the spring of 1854; and was continued by Brother Joseph Crosley (who was my assistant in the school) for one or two years or until he left England for Utah.

P. Greenhalgh.

BLOOMINGTON, IDAHO,

June 1, 1899.

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

IT is one of the privileges of genius to be absent-minded, and if one may judge from the stories told of famous men, it is a privilege of which they largely avail themselves. Mr. Edison, the inventor, one day, after spending many hours in his laboratory engrossed in an experiment, joined one of his assistants at luncheon in an adjoining room. When he had helped himself he continued to sit before his untouched plate, brooding over his problem until he began to nod from weariness, and gently fell asleep. While his master was sleeping the assistant removed his full plate and substituted an empty one. When Edison awoke he looked at his empty plate, rubbed his eyes and looked again. "Dear me," he said at last, as he rose to leave the room, "I'm hanged

if I haven't eaten my lunch and forgotten all about it!"

Ericsson, the inventor, had little ear for music, and, indeed, held the pursuit in contempt as a waste of time. He was converted by no less a personage than Ole Bull, who, meeting him one day on Broadway, New York, remarked: "I am coming to your workshop with my violin." "If you do," said Ericsson, "I will throw it out of the window." Next day, true to his promise, Ole Bull made his appearance, and began an argument upon some specimens of wood upon which he desired Ericsson's opinion. As soon as the inventor was thoroughly engaged in the examination, Ole Bull stepped back, drew forth his violin and began to play in sweet, weird strains. The workmen dropped their tools, Ericsson paused to listen, and became enthralled. When the performer stopped, Ericsson had tears in his eyes. "Play on," he said, softly. "I never knew before what I have lost."

The following anecdote of Oom Paul Kruger is related by J. E. Owens, from personal conversation and acquaintance with the president of the South African republic:

This remarkable man was born October 10th, 1825. His parents were Boer farmers, residing in Cape Colony, too poor to provide Paul with shoes. The future ruler of the South African republic had to trudge over the African veldt in his bare feet.

He was christened S. J. Paul Kruger, but the two initials were soon disused, though President Kruger uses them in signing state papers.

Fear was unknown to Kruger from boyhood. When he was in his seventeenth year his father asked him to take home

his span of oxen and an empty wagon. He was accompanied by his little sister.

"Paul," said his father, "take care of your sister."

"I will," he said simply.

In those days traveling in Cape Colony was anything but a picnic. Wild animals were plentiful and many a traveler became a prey to these beasts.

Everything went well until Paul was within about five miles of home. Here a large panther made his appearance. The oxen took fright and bolted.

The jolting of the wagon threw the little girl to the ground, where she was at the mercy of the ferocious animal.

Without a moment's hesitation young Kruger jumped from the wagon and ran to his sister's assistance.

Kruger was unarmed, but, without a moment's hesitation he engaged the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce battle. Time and again the angry beast clawed Kruger cruelly, but his courage and strength never failed him. Like a bull-dog he held his grip upon the panther's throat until he strangled the beast to death.

Kruger was badly lacerated. Blood flowed from many wounds, but notwithstanding his injuries he carried his fainting sister home.

This exploit made him the hero of the sturdy Boers in that section. It was the first indication of the latent powers that dwelt in the coming ruler of the Transvaal.

Sheridan, the Irish politician and dramatist, once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member, who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear!" He took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool.

"Where shall we find a more foolish man, or a more knavish fool, than this?"

"Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench.

The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid the convulsions of laughter of all but the unfortunate subject.

HUNTING THE ALLIGATOR IN BRAZIL.

THE Indians of Brazil call the alligator, in their language, *yacare*. The author of a Spanish book describes the daring manner in which it is hunted:

"*Yacare!*" "*Yacare!*"

Do you suppose the Indians were startled by this cry? Then you are mistaken. The affair was simply managed in such a way as to give the son of their chief a chance to show his hardihood.

The young Indian looked for a sharp knife, tried the strength of the blade between his fingers, and went straight to the bluff. He was going to kill the caiman under the water!

He flung himself from the height into the stream, holding the knife in his hand, and we saw him disappear. Seconds passed, then a black head rose in the middle of the stream.

"The *yacare* has escaped!" cried one of the natives.

But his comrade called to the swimmer, pointing out to him a place farther out, where bubbles were rising.

The Indian had taken a moment to rest, with his shoulders on the water. When he saw those signs, he turned a somersault, just as boys do on the sand, and disappeared beneath the surface.

Some moments later we saw the side of the enormous amphibian, which showed

a deep wound between the ribs, and over the water ran a reddened streak.

—The Indian had killed the *yacare*. It was a black caiman, whose length was about sixteen feet. Of the different kinds of *yacares*, this is the one most to be dreaded.

TWO ROSES.

Two roses grew upon the selfsame bush,
Twin sisters they,
In size and form and e'en in crimson blush,
Alike were they,
And wafting breezes bore their fragrance round,
The sunbeams smiled,
And whispered shy, "New' sweethearts we have found"—
Lovely and mild
Twin sisters they.

And both were plucked upon the selfsame day
And borne away,
One to adorn a happy bride's bouquet,
Oh blissful day!
The other on a burial casket lay,
Where breezes sighed and sunbeams flew away—
For grief held sway,
Twin sisters they.

A bride's fond lips pressed kisses on the one,
Oh fair was she,
While silent tears bedewed the other one,
Grief stricken he;
But e'er the morrow morn dawned bright and fair
On sad and gay.
Each lovely face a withered look did wear
To greet the day,
Twin sisters they.

Then carefully a bride lay one away
Its beauty gone,
Yet dear to her glad heart 'twill be alway,
This faded one.
Beside a golden curl, a husband lay
The other one,
Its crumpled leaves recall a bygone day,
A day that's gone—
Twin sisters they.

Laura C. Moench.

* * THE * *

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, JUNE 15, 1899.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.**THE LAW OF TITHING AND ITS BLESSINGS.**

A prominent topic in recent discourses of the Presidency and the leading brethren of the Church, both in general meetings and in meetings of the Priesthood, is the law of tithing. Seldom in the history of the Church have the instructions upon this subject been so pointed; never have the word of the Lord and the duty of His people in respect to this commandment been laid down with greater plainness. It has been a time of revival and encouragement: those who have been strict observers of the principle are cheered by the fact that it is again made prominent among the duties devolving upon the Saints; those who have been dilatory have been awakened to a sense of their neglect, and realize anew the necessity of complying in letter and in spirit with this commandment.

Truly it deserves all the importance that is given to it. A perusal of the commandment itself and of the promises connected with it, will convince the most indifferent. Except for the duty they owe to the people, the leaders of the Church would probably pay less attention to this subject than they do; for it cannot be pleasant to them to be continually urging upon their hearers a principle that to the unbelieving looks like an appeal to their pocket or their substance. As a matter of fact, however, the commandment is of infinitely

more importance to the people than to the preacher, except as the latter, being one of the people, is himself required to obey it. Many precious promises are made to those who comply with the law as laid down by the Lord. Would any teacher be justified in neglecting to preach this commandment, and thus possibly allow his hearers to deprive themselves of its blessings? Assuredly not. His duty in the matter is plain; and like any true friend or counselor, his part is no less to encourage and commend in well-doing, than to point out defects and to rebuke where necessity requires.

We refer to the subject here because of a feeling that the instructions given apply not less to our juvenile readers than to the adult members of the Church. The great blessings promised to those who obey the commandment are not limited to grown-up or aged persons, to the exclusion of the children. Everyone who has tried with honesty of heart and purpose to comply with the law can testify that the promises given have not fallen unfulfilled. We want the children to learn in their youth the benefits and blessings of tithe-paying. We want them all to read carefully the revelation and the promises on the subject. And then we want them, in the brief words of the late Bishop Hunter, to "pay their tithing and be blessed."

A MISSION SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A gratifying report of results accomplished in conducting a Sunday School as a part of missionary effort is published in a recent issue of the *Millennial Star* from the pen of Elder Daynes, now laboring in the British Mission. We quote from it:

"Last October conference I was assigned to labor in the Lowestoft district. I was informed the branch was

in a poor shape; our Sunday meetings had the small attendance of about seven. I didn't know what to do. The idea struck me to start a Sunday School, I thought to do anything was better than nothing, although I was told by my companion I could never make a success of a Sunday School, because there are very few children belonging to the branch. But after presenting the matter to the president of the Conference, I was told to go ahead with the school. I was determined to make it a success, and my faith was strong. The stumbling stone to all who heard about the school was, 'How was I going to get any one to come;' but this seemed easy to me, while there are so many children that run the street who would be pleased to go to some school, but, on account of the poverty of their parents, they are unable to dress well enough to be members of the Sunday Schools of this city.

"The first school was called to order at 11 a. m., December 11. About three-quarters of an hour previous to starting, I went on the street and asked several little boys and girls if they would come to our Sunday School, and was very seldom refused; sometimes the children would tell me they had a school to go to, and I thought it wise never to ask them to leave their school, but told them to be always good boys or girls. The attendance at the first school was eight, three children belonging to Saints, and five strangers I had picked up on the street. Every Sunday morning I would go on the street and get a few more children, until now I have enrolled twenty-five boys and girls ranging in age from six to twelve. Five out of the number enrolled are children whose parents belong to the Church, the other twenty are strangers; we have an average

attendance of fifteen. When I first started the school I had an idea that the parents of these children would come to meeting or school to see what their children were being taught, but as yet I do not think any of them have been. Still I think the school is doing good and is planting within the children a foundation upon which to work out their salvation. The method adopted for instruction is telling stories about the Savior's life. As my first aim was to win the love and confidence of all in the class, every Sunday I give each pupil a little card with a few lines of scripture on, and when they have six of these little cards I change them for one that is larger and nicer. While I am not in favor of material reward for attendance, still all other Sunday Schools here give the children cards, and I thought it rather hard to start a school without offering some inducement. We have now two classes in the school, a theology and primary. The theology class does not have as large an attendance as I would like to see, but our meetings are improving. We have an attendance of about forty now."

The *Star* earnestly commends the zeal and perseverance shown by Elder Daynes, and trusts the example he has set may prove contagious, and certainly the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR cannot but add its warmest endorsement of the work done and its sincere hope that others may take encouragement from this young Elder's success, and strive, where conditions are at all favorable, to bring light and salvation to the youth as well as to the adults with whom they come in contact. The finery of a child's apparel is no indication that the soul of the wearer is any more precious in the sight of the Father than is the soul of the unattractive waif or the half-neg-

lected offspring of poverty-stricken or depraved parents. All are the objects of His love, for all are equally His children; and there was no distinction or qualification in the Savior's promise that "of such is the Kingdom of heaven."

THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

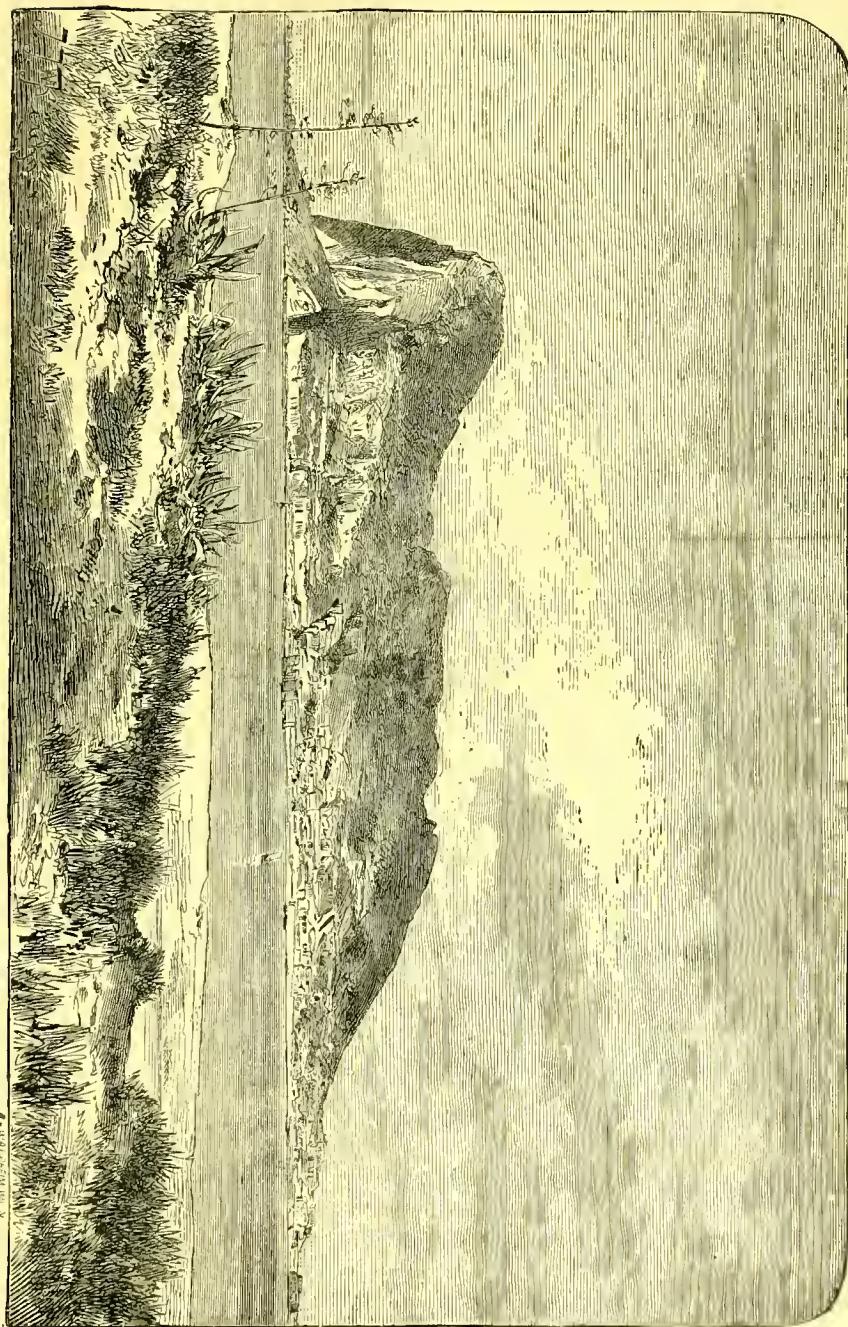
In the last number of this paper a brief sketch was given of the famous palace, the Alhambra, in Granada, Spain, built by the Moors. There is something so romantic and fascinating about the career of that people in the southwestern peninsula of Europe that the following story of their invasion, rule and expulsion will, we think, be found interesting. It is a condensed narrative from the pen of a professor of history in one of the leading American colleges.

The term "Moors" commonly indicates the Mussulmans, of whatever origin, who occupied parts of Spain during the Middle Ages. They crossed from Mauritania, now Morocco, and the great majority were of Moorish blood. Hence it was natural that the same name should be applied to them all. In England it even became customary to speak of every Mussulman, even in Arabia, Syria, and the farther east, as a Moor.

The prophet Mohammed died in 632. Within less than eighty years after his death the advancing tide of Mussulman victory had reached the African shores of the Atlantic. Each savage people immediately on its conversion furnished fresh soldiers and fresh missionaries for the faith. So the newly converted Berber tribes showed equal ardor in proselytism and conquest. It is impossible to say whether they were most affected by religious zeal or hope of plunder. They

roamed over the deserts of the Sahara and terrorized the southern shores of the Mediterranean. They themselves were poor, often pinched for food, but united and strong. Northward beyond the narrow strip of water, only sixteen miles in width, which separates Europe and Africa, stretched the vast peninsula of Spain. Common reports magnified the riches of its inhabitants, who were known to be numerous, but at enmity with each other and in that proportion weak.

A few hundred Mussulman adventurers crossed, encountered little opposition, and came back with marvelous tales of the beauty and wealth of Andalusia, the most southern province of the country. Mousa, the Arab governor of northwestern Africa, was brave, but crafty and cautious. Unwilling to employ a large force in what might be a disastrous enterprise, he selected about 5,000 men and intrusted them to the command of his Berber or Moor lieutenant, Tarik. At the same time he gave his officer such careful directions as almost savored of timidity. Tarik passed the strait in safety, and landed at the famous rock, which in its modern name preserves the memory of his exploit—Gebel-el-Tarik, or Gibraltar, the Hill of Tarik. The artist has on the opposite page reproduced this historic "rock" or "hill." We need hardly tell our readers that Gibraltar for many years has been a highly-prized possession of the British, and that as a fortress it is one of the most unique and probably the most important in the world. A coincidence is that by a slight stretch of the imagination it is found to resemble from a distance a majestic lion in repose. As that monarch of the animal creation is accepted as typic of British character, and is a prominent feature of the nation's coat of arms, so also is British Gibraltar regarded as keeping watch and ward over



GIBRALTAR.

the destinies of all the nations and continents whose shores are washed by the waves of the Mediterranean Sea. It is in a sense the key to the commerce of the entire Old World and the guardian of the maintenance of existing conditions among the nations.

To resume our story of the Moors: Spain at the time of Roderick was convulsed with civil war. Roderick was the nominal king but was opposed by other pretenders to the throne. Nevertheless, with vastly superior forces, he marched against the invader. Though Tarik had been re-enforced, his army did not equal one-fifth of the Spanish host. Throwing his careful orders to the winds, Tarik destroyed his ships, like Cortes 800 years later, so that the Mussulmans should have no hope of life except in victory. If defeated, they must be destroyed to a man. The two armies joined battle on the banks of the Guadalete, the "River of Delight." The Christians were utterly routed. Their king, "the last of the Goths," was drowned in the river, and his body was never recovered.

This battle and all the antecedent events of the invasion have been invested by the Spanish chroniclers with every sort of legend or fable in the attempt to extenuate or even glorify the defeat. Nor in exaggeration have the Mussulman historian been far behind. As to the attendant circumstances it is impossible or difficult to discern the truth. But a few facts are sure. It was fought in the year 711. It was decisive, not only of the ruin of a dynasty, but of the fate of a kingdom for hundreds of years. Until 1492, when the successors of Tarik met their last and irretrievable defeat in Granada, the reoccupation of Spain was the Moorish question. The main effort of the Spanish Christians through twenty-four generations of fighting men was to

regain their territories from the abhorred invader.

The disobedience of Tarik, his rashness, and possibly his brilliant success excited the jealous anger of Mousa. He ordered the lieutenant to remain on the defensive until he himself should arrive and take command. But the fiery general could not be restrained. The opportunity was too precious to be lost. Nowhere was there a fortress which could resist his arms. The Spanish Jews, horribly oppressed by the Christians, were eager to hail the Mussulmans as deliverers and were able everywhere to afford efficient aid. Tarik pressed on. He or his officers rapidly seized Malaga, Cordova, Xerez and Granada; Toledo, the royal Gothic capital, was occupied in the following year. Meanwhile Mousa appeared and captured Merida and Seville. Within two years Spain from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees was in Moorish hands.

But the resolute band of Christians, who would not submit, had taken refuge in the wild mountains of the Asturias, in the extreme north-west. Inaccessible in their fastness, they defied attack. Their asylum, La Cueva de Anseva (the cavern of Anseval) became a sort of Adulam's cave for the gathering of men of might. An immense host of Mussulmans marched to destroy the refugees. Under their leader, Pelayo, the Spaniards in 718 gained the desperate battle of Covadonga, a fight resembling the Swiss battle of Morgarten in disparity of numbers, in the weapons of the victors, and in its influence upon later results. The Mussulmans, hitherto counted invincible, had now been once defeated. They made no further effort to break the indomitable spirit of the mountaineers.

The attempt of the Moors and Saracens to subjugate France was stopped by Charles Martel at the battle of Tours,

in 732. North of the Pyrenees they could obtain no foothold, except along the immediate shore of the Mediterranean. The tide had reached its furthest limit and began to recede. But the ebb was almost imperceptible, because so slow.

The Moors fell to quarreling among themselves. The khalifate transferred from the Ommiade dynasty from Medina to Damascus, and upon which all Mussulmans were supposed to depend, was rent by factions. The Ommiades were themselves massacred by the Abassides, a rival house. Only one Ommiade escaped, the boy Abderrahman. After romantic wanderings, he reached Cordova in 755, was accepted by all the Mussulmans in Spain as their rightful sovereign, and took the title of Emir-el-Moumenin, or chief of the believers. For three centuries Cordova, on the Guadalquivir, was the capital of the khalifate of the west. With no foe to fear, it became a splendid city, and developed in high degree every feature of oriental civilization. Its inhabitants numbered almost a million, and it contained three hundred mosques. The Jews were protected, and the Christians, while carefully kept in a position of inferiority, were seldom harshly treated. It was the golden age of Mussulman Spain. Abderrahman I (755,) Hescham I (787.) Abderrahman II (822,) and Al-Hakam II (961,) displayed upon the throne the virtues of beneficent despots. Then confusion took the place of order. In 1031 the last Ommiade—Hescham—was deposed. His kingdom broke into the seven main emirates of Badajoz, Seville, Cordova, Toledo, Granada, Valencia, and Saragossa. Jealous of each other, they invited attack by their rivalries and dissensions. The very name of kaliph was soon forgotten.

Meanwhile the Christians in the Asturias were increasing constantly in strength and numbers, and were spreading their power southward. Gradually the tiny kingdoms of Leon, Castile, Navarre, and Aragon had taken shape. Buttressed against the mountains, at first they resembled fortresses and baronial domains rather than States. In 1037 Bermudo II, King of Leon, and last male descendant of the heroic Pelayo, died. His crown was united with that of his brother-in-law, Ferdinand I, King of Castile. Though the union was temporary, the movement had begun which was to blend the several petty kingdoms into a single whole and ultimately deal the death blow to the Moorish occupation. In 1085 Talavera and Toledo, the old-time capital, were retaken from the Moors by Alphonso VI., of Leon and Castile. The Spanish reoccupation of the country had reached the Tagus.

It was the century of that picturesque figure, Rodrigo Diez de Bivar, whom the Spaniards dubbed El Campeador, the Champion, who is immortalized under the title given him by the Moors of El Cid, the Cid of the Lord. The gallant freebooter, who harried Christians and Mussulmans alike and despoiled them all, has been converted by Spanish romance into the national hero and saint. Partly is this due to his capture in 1094 of Valencia, then the most luxurious and wealthiest of the Moorish cities, and still called Valencia of the Cid.

The Mussulmans had grown effeminate and realized that their power was waning. They trembled before the Christians. They called to their assistance their fanatic and barbaric brethren, the Almoravides, who had set up a kingdom in northern Africa. It was the story

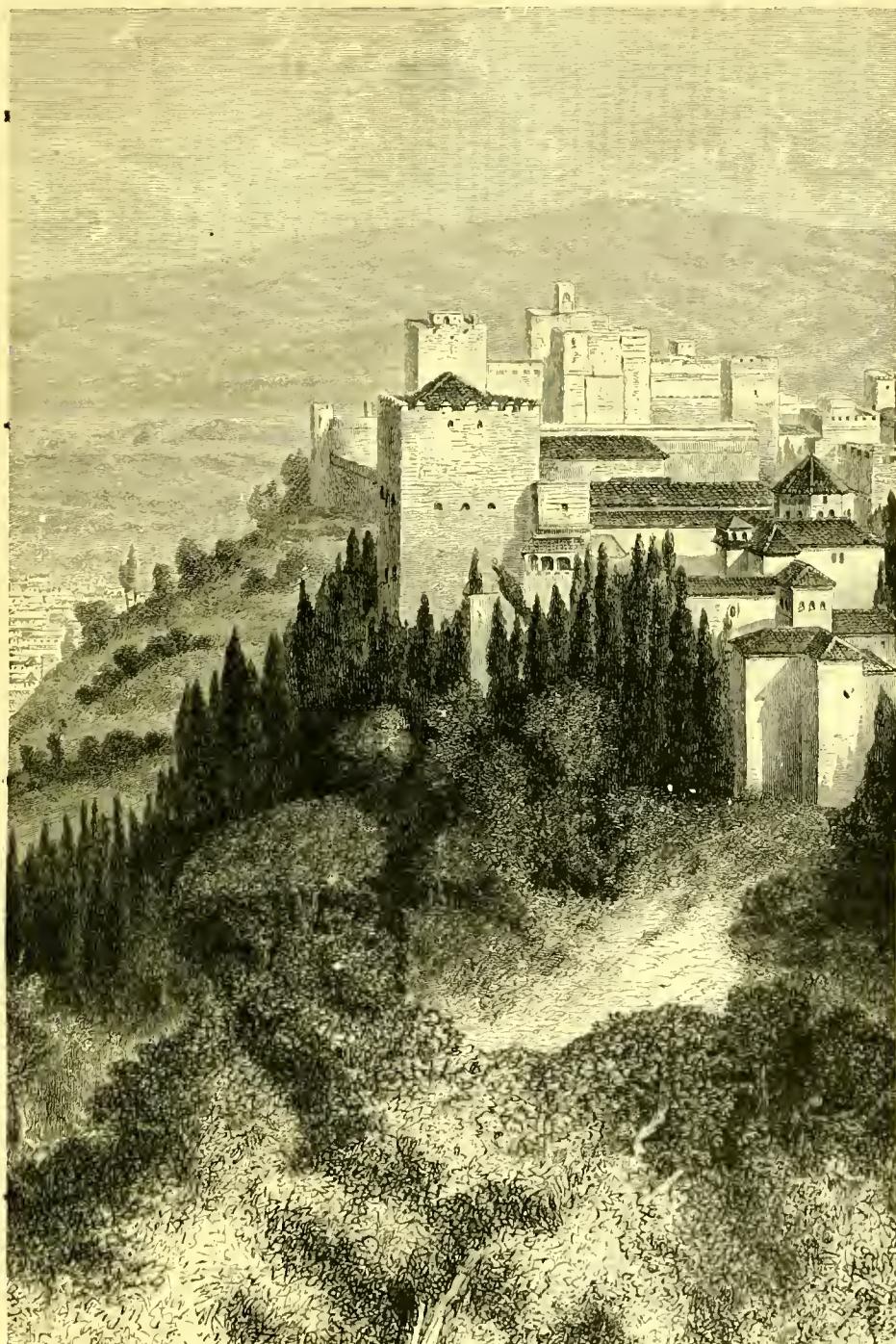
of the doves who, through fear of the kite, asked help from the hawk. Yusuf, the Almoravide chieftain, yielded to their entreaty. He came and overthrew Alphonso VI., in an awful battle. Then he dispossessed the emirs, seized their emirates for himself and founded a new Mussulman kingdom, which he ruled with ferocity. The deposed emirs and Alphonso VI formed an alliance but, could make no head against the terrible conqueror, who soon retook Valencia. The rule of this horde lasted for a hundred years. They were strong enough in the twelfth century to crush Alphonso I of Aragon, the warrior, who had raised his kingdom into a powerful state. But on the field of Ourique they were crushed by the Portuguese, who were emerging on the west into national life. Then came another immense Moorish host from Africa—the Almohades or Unitarians who professed themselves the regenerators of decayed Islam. Under their Sultan, Mohammed, they won a complete victory at Alarcon over Alphonso VIII of Castile, and regained much of the territory which the Christians had retaken. The days of Tarik seemed about to return.

But the Pope preached a crusade. Castile Navarre and Aragon ceased fighting against each other and for the first time united in a common cause. The battle of Las Navas de Tolosa in 1212 was the one irretrievable disaster of Moorish history. The vanquished left tens of thousands of dead upon the field, and never afterward were able to encounter the Spaniards on equal terms. Gradually they withdrew to the south and held only the territory between the Guadalquivir and the Mediterranean sea. Cordova itself, their sacred city, the centre of their literature and art, the home of the Ommiade kaliphs, fell be-

fore the sword of Ferdinand III, of Castile, in 1235, as did four years later Valencia before Jayme I, the conqueror, king of Aragon. Later came the victory of Tarifa when Portugal, Castile and Aragon combined to humble Aboul Hassan, the emperor of Morocco, who had landed with an immense army.

At last nothing remained to the Mussulmans except the tiny kingdom of Granada. The surrender of its capital and the restoration of its territory to Christian Spain were accomplished by Ferdinand the Catholic and his pious wife Queen Isabella. Their marriage had brought about the permanent union of Castile and Leon and Aragon. One in heart and purpose, state policy and religion rendered further continuance of Mussulman rule intolerable in the peninsula. But they did not themselves take the aggressive. With mad rashness the sovereign of Granada, Aboul Hassan, began the war. A revolution in the palace caused his deposition. In April, 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella pitched their camp of Santa Fe before the doomed city. On Jan. 2, 1492, the cross was planted on a tower of the Alhambra and the domination of the Moors was at an end. The defeat of Gaudalete was avenged. A complete view of this splendid old fortress, the last possession of consequence held by the foreign race in Spain, is here given. Its site is admirable, and, in the days of Granada's glory, a glory which under no subsequent rule has been re-established, it must have been a veritable paradise of luxury, beauty and indolence.

Before the final surrender generous terms had been confirmed with the conquered, now called Moriscos, but the solemn oaths of ratification were soon disregarded. The victims had no redress. Philip II resolved to accomplish their



THE PALACE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

forcible conversion to Christianity and to blot out every distinctive custom of their nationality. Outwardly they conformed to his orders, though as far as possible secretly observed all the ancient rites. Even this did not satisfy their intolerant masters. In 1609 Philip III ordered every Morisco to quit the kingdom. This command was enforced with merciless severity. Probably a million human beings, most of them peaceful and industrious, were driven into cruel exile. Whatever calamities their remote ancestors had brought upon the peninsula to their descendants could be imputed no crime except their birth.

The historian from whom we have quoted so freely concludes his sketch as follows: "It is common to exalt the excellence of Moorish Government and to enlarge upon the treasures of art which they had accumulated and of science and literature which they developed. Nor did the Spaniards in those harsh centuries always show themselves as superior in character as they unquestionably were inferior in cultivation and refinement. Nevertheless few warlike expeditions have been more injurious to the progress of the world than that which Tarik led from Africa to Europe 1188 years ago."

PHRASES AND THEIR ORIGIN.

MANY of the phrases one uses or hears every day have been handed down to us from generation to generation for hundreds of years, and in many cases they can be traced to a quaint and curious origin.

One of the oldest of these familiar expressions is to "cut a dido," which is said of a person who plays a single trick, and carries us back to 800 years B. C., when Dido, queen of Tyre, after

the murder of her husband by her brother, fled to the northern coast of Africa and founded a city. She bargained for as much land as could be surrounded by a bull's hide, and in order to claim as large a tract as possible she had the hide cut into narrow strips, and on the land thus surrounded she built a citadel. The natives, seeing that they had been quietly outwitted by a woman, submitted gracefully to this "cutting of a dido."

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is nearly as old, and is attributed to Ancaeus, king of the island of Samos, in the Grecian archipelago. The king, so runs the story, had planted a vineyard, but he had treated his slaves so badly that one of them predicted that his master would never live to even taste of its wine. When the vintage came, however, the king called for a cup of wine and then asked his slave what he thought of his prophecy. "I think there's many a slip between the cup and the lip," he solemnly answered. Just at that instant a messenger in hot haste rushed into the palace, informing the king that a wild boar had broken into the vineyard and was destroying it. Ancaeus put down his wine cup untasted and hurried out to attack the ravager, but in the chase was killed.

"He's a brick," meaning a brave and noble fellow, doubtless originated with Agesilaus, king of Sparta, about 360 B. C. A visitor, at the Lacedaemonian capital was surprised to find it without walls or other means of defense, and asked his royal host what they would do in a case of invasion by a foreign power.

"Do!" replied the heroic king; "why, Sparta has 50,000 soldiers and each man is a brick."

"Done to a turn" suggests the story of St. Lawrence, who suffered martyrdom

by being roasted on a gridiron. During his torture he calmly requested his attendants to turn him over, as he was thoroughly roasted on one side. Hence the phrase, "Done to a turn."

In one of the battles between the Russians and the Tartars, 400 years ago, a private soldier of the former cried out: "Captain, I've caught a tartar." "Bring him along then," answered the officer. "I can't, for he won't let me," was the response. Upon investigation it was apparent that the captured had the captor by the arm and would not release him. So "catching a Tartar" is applicable to one who has found an antagonist too strong for him.

The familiar expression, "robbing Peter to pay Paul," is connected with the history of Westminster Abbey. In the early middle ages it was the custom to call the abbey St. Peter's Cathedral. At one time the funds of St. Paul's Cathedral being low, those in authority took sufficient from St. Peter's to settle the accounts, much to the dissatisfaction of the people, who asked, "Why rob St. Peter to pay St. Paul?" Some 200 years later the saying was again used in regard to the same collegiate churches, at the time of the death of the Earl of Chatham, the city of London declaring that the famous statesman ought to lie in St. Paul's. Parliament, however, insisted that Westminster Abbey was the proper place, and not to bury him there would be for the second time, "robbing St. Peter to pay St. Paul." The abbey properly carried the day.

"Dying in the last ditch" was, according to Hume, first used by William of Orange. When Holland was so badly pressed by her enemies that complete disaster seemed imminent, the Duke of Buckingham implored the prince to change his tactics or the country would

be ruined. "There is one way to prevent my seeing the ruin of my country," answered the prince. "I will die in the last ditch."

"He has an ax to grind." Early in the century the story was told of a lad who was induced by a promised reward to turn the grindstone for one who wished to sharpen his ax. The promised payment was not made. Since then one who disguised his selfish aims by fair promises is said to have an ax to grind.

"O. K." has many alleged origins. The most probable is the following: In 1840, when Alvah Adams organized the Adams Express Company, a young country lad applied for work. He was employed to do all sorts of odd jobs and make himself generally useful in the office. The boy had an observant eye and saw that the shipping clerk placed upon the manager's desk each night a list of the packages marked "All correct." The clerk being absent one day, the boy was asked to write the list, or, rather to check it. When he placed it on the desk it bore on the inside the letters: "O. K." Asked what they meant the youth replied: "'O. K.' means 'all correct.'" Mr. Adams enjoyed a hearty laugh and adopted the striking abbreviation thereafter.—*Philadelphia Times*.

THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

CHAPTER XII.

IN a week's time, the first night-shirt which Mary was making for her papa was nearly finished; and the mother had learned to sleep fairly well alone with her little ones.

"Mama," said Allan, one day, "what's Mary sewing at night for?"

She's making something for Papa's Christmas present, dear."

"Why can't I make something for Papa's Christmas, too, Mama?"

"You can, my son."

Allan jumped up from his play and came eagerly to his mother's side.

"What can I make, Mama, what can I make?"

The mother was puzzled for a moment; then she replied:

"Why not make a wooden paper-knife with your own bright, new knife? You have seen Papa make them out of sandal wood and koa wood."

The thought was delightful; and Allan wanted to begin at once on his present. But the mother was wiser; she knew that the chief charm of labor was to avoid monotony and satiety.

"No, dear, you cannot work on presents in the day, when there are chores to do and errands to run. But in the evenings while Mary and I are at work on our Christmas presents, you shall whittle out yours."

It was something of a cross to the eager child to wait till evening, but he beguiled himself by begging Mama to let him go and find Tommy and tell him what was going on.

With what delight did the boys see their mother draw out the pieces of rare native woods from under the porch, where Papa had stored them, after the supper work was done, evening prayers over, and the twilight just settling down over the eastern sea!

"Look out for scorpions and centipedes!" called the mother, but not in time to prevent the eager little fingers of Tommy from being nipped between the two sharp pincers of a long, brown, hard-shelled centipede.

The creature hung dangling on the baby's finger till the mother shook it off.

The children set up a screaming which the mother instantly quieted and ran with the child into the house. She knew where the consecrated oil bottle stood, and she got it as quickly as she could.

"Light the lamp, Mary," she said, "and then give me the package of medicated cotton and the roll of rags in the work basket."

Tommy was screaming pitifully, and the mother hastily turned a little oil in her hand, holding the poisoned finger in the palm of her hand where the oil was cupped, till Mary could give her cotton and rags.

In a short time the finger was tied up with plenty of oil, and Tommy began to quiet down; the mother had the little ones kneel around her and help her to bless Tommy, for she knew the bite was oftentimes dangerous and sometimes fatal. She knew too that nearly everybody used amonia to kill the poison, and she had only her own faith to lean on. But God was with her, and in half an hour Tommy was asleep in her arms.

Then Allan begged to begin on his paper knife and the mother consented.

How delightful it seemed to the lonely mother to have her two children about her knees, busy with happy work—happy because it was to make some one else happy! And her own problem—that of tiding over the quiet, lonesome evenings—was solved. To be sure much of this work had to be done perched up on the bed, under the mosquito bar, for if the wind were not blowing violently, the mosquitoes drove them under cover.

And such pains as one must take to fasten the bar under the mattress, without leaving one single hole or crevice the size of a pin-head or one or two of the pesky things would get in and tor-

ment one worse than a dozen in the open air.

Both children were permitted to go over to prayers at the mission house with the mother, and both slept an hour and a half later in the morning.

What blessed evenings those were! There were long stories to be told the children about home in far away Utah, the early history of the Church and Bible and Book of Mormon stories.

One evening, Allan asked a question that opened a new field of story telling:

"Why do we make paper-knives?"

"To cut the paper with."

"And what's paper made of?"

Then followed the story of pulp, rags, and soaking; the mother began with the strange beautiful story of the gummy reeds or weeds on the Nile; the long, hot days of Egypt and the great, muddy river; the children, dusky and half-clothed like the Hawaiians about them; the big pyramids, the great palaces and the powerful Pharaohs; the priests of the Nile with their learning and subtlety; and finally, of the long strips of papyrus which was made into parchment very much indeed as was the native "kapa" or paper.

"Mama, I want to see the natives make some kapa, can't I?" asked Mary.

"We will see, dear. They make very little indeed, now, for they only use it as a curiosity to give away to the white people. But if I can hear of anyone at work we will go and see him."

Then one night Mary wanted to know how the cotton-cloth she was making up was manufactured; and that called for another story of the cotton-fields, and the darkies singing sweet songs as they picked the white balls; then the cotton gin, the loom, and factory, all passed in review before the eager listeners, and

even Tommy kept awake till nine o'clock listening to the fascinating tales.

One morning Mrs. Argyle announced to the children that Nalia was making some kapa, and they could get little Ina and all would go up to Nalia's in the afternoon and see him pound out the kapa.

Accordingly, about four o'clock, the little party wended their way out of the gates, and through the grassy pasture to the old grass house on the upper hill, almost the last genuine native grass house on the plantation, where the good old native man was slowly pounding out the kapa.

Elder Alberto stood outside the hut as they approached and asked them curiously, "What has brought you so far from home, Sister Argyle?"

"I have brought the children to see Nalia make kapa, or paper."

"Good," answered the Elder; "let me explain it to the children, for I have seen lots of it made."

The mother was glad to have such excellent assistance, and followed the Elder to the rear of the hut, where an elderly man sat under a tree, squatted on the grass, pounding something on a big log.

The children gathered around the Elder while he explained to them the manufacture of cloth, or kapa. In a pool of water lay a lot of bark soaking. It had been there for several days and was now soft and pliable. Elder Alberto picked up a piece about two feet long and six inches wide. This, he said, was the wauki bark; then he led them to the old native man who sat under a koa tree pounding, pounding, pounding. On a short, heavy block of wood lay a number of these pieces of wauki bark partly pressed together by the old man's pounding, and the Elder showed them the

different layers of the bark, six or eight, which had been laid one on top of the other as they were pounded out with the mallet.

The mallet which he used was made of iron wood, about two inches square, each side cut in various patterns. These patterns were geometrically designed and surprisingly regular and beautiful. The wood was kauila, the hammer being about eighteen inches long, with one end whittled down small enough so that the hand could grasp it.

"Look, little ones," said the Elder, "how the pattern in the hammer leaves its impress upon the bark. This bark now is thick and only about two feet square, but Nalia pounds patiently for a long time, keeping the bark damp and it gradually spreads out until the kapa or quilt is sometimes six feet square. It is pounded out on the same principle that gold is beaten out."

"Now let me show you the dye. Do you see this black, inky stuff? It is made from charcoal, and stains the kapa to a grey. There is also a plant which produces a yellow color and another one which gives a faint red. These are the original colors used by the natives."

Here Nalia arose, and offered to show the children some ancient specimens of kapa. Three or four large quilts, one of a slate color, one pink, and several yellow ones were exposed. He also showed them three new ones he had just made. One was a bright purple, one a brilliant red, and one blue. For these his wife had bought some Diamond dye coloring at the little store, and with the singular contrariety of human nature both seemed very much prouder of the gaudy-looking, brilliant-hued modern travesty industry than they were of the genuine native dyes.

After the children had thoroughly ex-

amined all the details of the kapa-making the Elder took them outside and called their attention to the little grass hut which was the last of its kind at Laie. He told them how easily and quickly the grass was gathered and thatched into the house which they saw; and this was indeed the only form of shelter which the natives used before the advent of the white man. He explained how absolutely water tight these huts could be made.

"And air tight also," remarked Mama Argyle. "When the door has been shut all night they are exceedingly close smelling places."

Bidding goodby to the Elder, Mama



HAWAIIAN GRASS HOUSE.

and the children sauntered over to the mill and then homeward through the deepening shades of twilight.

"Mama," said Mary, "let me ask you one question, will you, please?"

"You may ask twenty of them if you want to," said Mama Argyle, who knew the little girl's aptitude in that direction.

"Well, Mama, what did the natives make kapa for?"

"Why, my child I thought you understood that. They made their skirts of the kapa and made kapa quilts to cover them at night."

"Well, Mama, what did they need

skirts for when you told us the natives never wore clothing?"

"My dear, they wore these skirts for ornament and not for covering. They would make them of bright colored kapa, and wear them on feast days and holidays."

"Well but, Mama," persisted the little girl, "you said that the rain would spoil the kapa and if they got wet they would melt, and I don't see how the natives could have worn these skirts when it rains so much here all the time."

"That is the funny part, dear little girl; they would wear these pretty skirts when the sun shone but the moment it rained they ran in and took them off. The native men wore them for 'malus' strapped about their loins."

"Mama," asked Mary, "did they make quilts of them just for ornaments?"

"Oh, no Mary, they used them for warmth; for, sometimes, as you know, in the winter months when it has been storming several days, and the air is cool and damp, a quilt at night is a very desirable thing."

"Well, but Mama, how could they make a quilt out of paper?"

"Paper is very warm, my child, some of the warmest of covering can be made from paper, and several thicknesses of this kapa made a very comfortable bed quilt."

"Isn't that funny, Mama, you say things are as thin as paper, and yet you say how warm paper is?"

"That is the way it is in this world child. Life is full of inconsistencies."

"What are inconsistencies?" asked Mary.

"Things that are at cross-purposes in life or in people. Do you remember the story Mama read to you from *Æsop's* fables about a man who blew hot and cold with the same breath?"

"Yes," said Mary, "I do; and it seems so funny to think he could blow and make his broth cool, and blow and make his hands warm. I just wanted to know then when you read it why he could do that."

"I am glad to tell my little girl, for in this life there are many things that seem inconsistent and trying, when they are not truly so; and I want my little girl to learn to ask the reason why for everything. In the winter when the atmosphere about you is chilled, the breath which comes from your mouth is warm, as warm as the blood in your body, and you can blow your warm breath on your chilled hands and it will relieve the discomfort; but when you blow your soup to make it cool it is a different thing. You blow it to stir the soup back and forth so that the cold air may get to all parts of the soup."

"And is that the way the paper is thin and yet warm?"

"Hardly so, my child; even if the paper is thin, the fibre is very close together, and is very compact, which prevents the air from passing through; and the heat of your body is thus retained under the paper and the cold is kept away from it."

The little girl did not understand all this, but she gathered enough to satisfy her curiosity and also to encourage further study in that direction when she grew older.

It was evening when they reached their little home on the hillside. The crickets sang under the thin blades of grass about them; the stars shone as they only can shine in tropical skies; the sea with its plaintive complaint, sent through the air a rhythmic reminder of far away Utah!

Homespun.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Little Folks.

A PECULIAR WEAPON.

THERE are guns made for modern warfare that will shoot a distance of fifteen miles in a direct line, and they are powerful enough to make a hole through solid steel a foot thick. Others made for rapid firing will discharge nine hundred shots in one minute. These weapons are the late inventions of civilized men. The uncivilized natives of Australia many years ago invented a weapon that



is in some respects perhaps as wonderful as any of these modern guns. While not so powerful as these guns it has a peculiarity that they do not possess. Besides being used for striking objects in sight, it can be hurled around a corner, so that a wall affords no protection from it; and what is further remarkable the weapon will return of itself to the thrower.

This peculiar missile, called a boomerang, is not known to have been used except by the native Australians. It is a simple piece of workmanship, being nothing more than a crooked piece of hard wood, measuring from two and a

half to two and three-quarters feet in length and two inches in width.

The shape of the stick and the method of using it may be seen in the accompanying picture; but to get an idea of its wonderful powers a further description of its construction and use must be had. Simple as the weapon appears it requires a skillful workman to make it just right in shape and proportion, and it often takes the manufacturer several days with the rude tools he has to complete one. The under side of the boomerang is flat while the upper surface is rounded, and both ends are pointed. The various styles of the weapon are all alike in general form, though some are curved more than others, and sometimes they are ornamented with carvings in the surface.

To throw the boomerang and strike the object aimed at requires much practice. In the hands of one who is unskilled in its use the stick of wood is almost useless as a weapon, but the practiced native can perform wonders with it. It is thrown with a quick jerk of the arm, and with great force. As soon as released from the hand it whirls around rapidly as it travels. The expert thrower can strike an object or mark on the ground at forty yards distance and cause the boomerang to return to him without stopping in its flight; or, by directing it higher in the air, he can hurl it a still greater distance and it will return to his feet. If he is in pursuit of a kangaroo or other animal and a tree or other object is in his way he can throw around the obstruction and strike the animal. If it is not convenient to strike a point behind a tree by curving the weapon around from the side the skilled Australian can cast the boomerang over the tree and cause it to curve downwards and hit the

mark. Another feat that can be performed with this instrument is that of hurling it completely around a house. The force with which the natives of Australia can hurl the boomerang is sufficient to kill a kangaroo or a good sized dog with one blow.

The principle upon which the boomerang can be made to perform such wonderful curves in its flight may be illustrated in a simple way. Take a disc of tin or a piece of stiff cardboard and give it a toss into the air with the thumb and forefinger, and it will be noticed that the disc darts from its direct course, turning to the right or left, or perhaps rising or descending suddenly. The skillful thrower of the boomerang has by long practice learned to cast the missile in such a way that it will perform a curve in the direction he desires, so that it is completely within his control.

FOR THE LETTER-BOX.

APIA, SAMOA.

DEAR LITTLE LETTER-BOX: I am 11 years old. I live at Tuasive, Samoa. The Mormon Elders have school here. My Papa came over to Upolu to work, and Mama and my brother and I came with him. There is a war here now. One day the man-of-war came down where we were. Some of the natives got after my Papa and tried to kill him. He got in a little boat. I was with him. There were six natives shooting at us all the time. I steered the boat and my Papa rowed. When they found we were getting away, they got into canoes and came after us, and kept shooting all the time. I asked my Papa what I should do if he got killed. He said that if anything did happen to steer for the man-of-war; but

he said to have faith in the Lord and He would not let us get hurt. We put up the sail and sailed away from them, and there was not a bullet hit us or our boat. We went on board the man-of-war. The Lord saved us, and we feel to thank Him.

We have Sunday School here. I have one little brother in America. He lives with Brother Kippen. We all want to go there some day. My Grandpa and some of the folks are going now.

Good-by. Your brother,

Johnnie Kenison.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: What a week of holidays we have had! I was with the Lowell School on the north side of South Temple Street, when Rear-Admiral Schley passed. He passed close by me, and I yelled. He looked at me and I yelled again, then he touched his hat and bowed, and passed on. That was Monday, May 29th. On Tuesday we had a holiday as it was Decoration Day, and we gave away many flowers. On June 1st I went to the lake as it was President Brigham Young's birthday. A sail in Brother Merrill's boat was enjoyed very much by my brother and me. Among the many things we have here in the mountains to be thankful for, I think one of the best is the once vast inland sea, now known as the Great Salt Lake, which affords a good yachting place, and the finest bathing, perhaps, in the world.

Heber G. Richards, age 13.

RANDOLPH, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I like the JUVENILE very much, especially the letters by the children. I go to Religion Class Primary, Sunday and day school. I am ten years old, and am in the third reader. On Decoration Day our school had a holiday. In the morning the Sunday

School had a program at the meeting house, at 11 o'clock. At 12 o'clock we were formed in line and marched up to the grave yard, and decorated the graves. I have one brother. He is five years old, and his name is George. I know that the Lord hears and answers our prayers.

Myrtle South.

WOODRUFF, ARIZONA.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: We have wanted to write to you for a long time. Our school is out now, until next winter. There are five brothers and five sisters of us. We have no father, but our dear mother teaches us to be good, and our kind Heavenly Father hears and answers our prayers. Our Primary is going to have a nice time on the first of June. We love to read the little letters, and send our love to all the little folks.

Ethel Gardner, age 8.

Ruth Gardner, age 6.

FARMINGTON, UTAH.

DEAR LETTER-BOX. This is the second time I have written to the JUVENILE—the first time my letter did not appear, but I hope it will this time. We take the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, and I like to read the letters and stories printed there. I go to Sunday School and am in the first intermediate grade. On June 1st the Primary is going to have an ice cream party. Our school stopped on the 5th of May. I was promoted in the fifth grade.

Emily Smith, age 11.

ORANGEVILLE, EMERY CO.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: I received my JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR last night, directed in my own name; and now I will tell you how I am going to pay for it my own self. Mama is going to let me set a hen, and all the chickens she raises will be mine. I am to care for them and when

they are grown, then I will sell them to pay for my paper. If I don't make enough with my chickens I will make up the rest with some money which my papa gave me and with which I bought me a rabbit and I will make the rest from the rabbits I sell.

Orlo Devere Childs, age 10.

PRAISES TO GOD.

GOD made the pretty flowers,
That I delight to see;
He made the luscious fruit
To grow upon the tree.

He made the grass to grow
In plenty everywhere;
The leaves upon the trees
Receive His constant care.

The little birds that sing
So sweetly all day long
Received their gift from Him,
And praise Him with a song.

And all the sights I see
Which gave me such delight,
From God my Father comes;
He gave me sense of sight.

And all the sweetest sounds
That captivate my ear,
Are gifts that come from Him;
He gave me ears to hear.

And all the food I eat
His bounty caused to be,
And every day and night
He watches over me.

And shall I then forget
To thank Him for His care?
For all His gifts so free
Abounding everywhere?

Shall I forget to pray—
Neglect my voice to raise—
While all creation joins
To give Him ceaseless praise?

O no, I'll humbly bow
Each morning and each night,
And thank Him for my life,
And all its sweet delight.

S. C. Watson.

IF THE sewers of a dwelling are faulty, or get clogged, it soon becomes so foul that life is not safe in it. That is just what happens to you when the Liver or Kidneys fail in their work. The first little signs are backache, poor appetite, changes in urine and sometimes bowel troubles and dropical swellings. Do not neglect any of these; deadly disorders may follow—**STOP** the mischief in time, use

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LUCAS COUNTY,

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FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence,
this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

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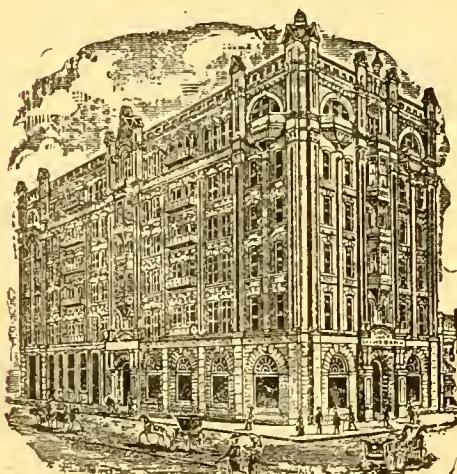
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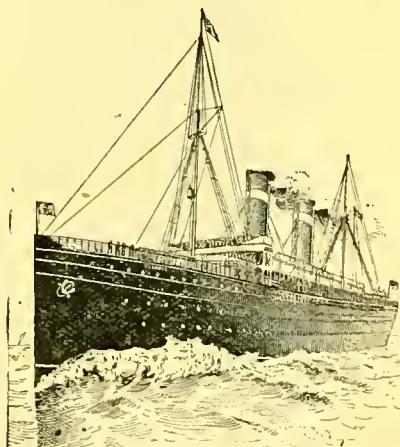
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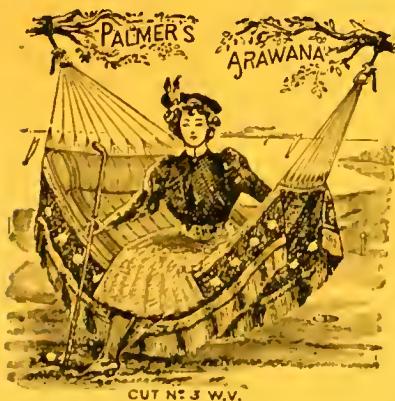
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